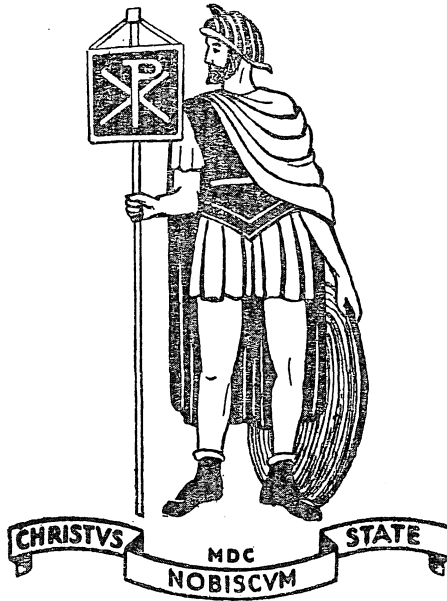


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1950

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 96.

JULY, 1950.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

Dorothy Rose, Mary Burrows, Jennifer Birch, Barbara Druller,
Jill Kempster, Finnemore, Feast, Davies ii.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. C. F. R. Ackland, who became Headmaster of Alcester Grammar School in January, 1948, has accepted the appointment of Headmaster of Selhurst Grammar School. He will be leaving us at the end of the Autumn term.

THE SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

*Codling, J. H. (VI), 1947-50.

*Holifield, J. (VI), 1941-50.

Pendry, K. J. (Lower IVa), 1948-50.

Payne, J. R. (IIIb), 1948-50.

* Prefect.

There have been 295 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

Hon. Secretary :

J. M. Stewart.

President :

G. P. Baylis.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mrs. M. Feast.

SUMMER REUNION

The Summer Reunion will be held at the School on Saturday, July 22nd, and will be especially important as we shall be met together to show our thanks and appreciation to two members of the Staff, Miss Weatherup and Mr. Walker, who have both retired during the past year.

During the evening a small ceremony will take place, when representative Old Scholars will speak and presentations on behalf of the Guild will be made. It is hoped that as many Old Scholars as possible will turn up for this memorable occasion. Invitations have been sent to all Guild members and Subscribers, but all Old Scholars are welcome, as always, if they would kindly inform the Secretary by July 17th.

SPRING DANCE

A highly successful Dance was held at the Alcester Town Hall on Friday, March 31st, with Horace Bezant and his Orchestra. It is hoped that another Dance may be arranged during the early Autumn.

J. M. S.

BIRTHS

On August 13th, 1949, to Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Etheridge (née Kathleen Silvester)—a son.

On May 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Ellis (née Joan Taylor)—a son.

On May 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mills (née Jean Holder)—a son.

MARRIAGES

On March 25th, at Alcester, William George Hands to Alice Sheila Gregory (scholar 1943-48).

On April 8th, at Peckleton, Leicestershire, Rowland Hill (scholar 1940-44) to Ruth May Hearne.

On April 10th, at Salford Priors, Leslie Walter Philpott to Edna R. James (scholar 1940-45).

On April 15th, at Salford Priors, Frank Heath (scholar 1919-22) to Joyce E. S. King.

On April 17th, at Studley, George Robert Thomson Collett (scholar 1935-39) to Ann Josephine Allen (scholar 1935-44).

On April 22nd, at Redditch, Courtney N. Ward (scholar 1939-41) to Pauline Margaret Mason.

On April 26th, at Coughton, Frederick Richard Horton (scholar 1934-40) to Hubertha Van der Toorn.

On May 27th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Ronald Arthur French to Rhoda Elizabeth Winwood (scholar 1938-42).

DEATH

On June 23rd, John Stanley Mole (scholar 1941-47), aged 21 years.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

The Rev. A. J. Partridge has been inducted to the living of Avon Dassett with Farnborough, near Banbury.

We are pleased to learn that J. Rawlings has now recovered from his long illness.

Lance Earp, who has for some time been Engineer in charge of the Claerwen Valley extension of the Elan Valley Waterworks, has recently been promoted to be Contractors' Agent by the Contractors, Messrs. Edmund Nuttall and Co.

Pamela Feast has obtained her Domestic Science diploma, and has been appointed to the Staff of Folkestone Training College.

It is with regret that we report the death of J. S. Mole in a motor-cycle accident in Birmingham.

RETIREMENT OF Mr. E. S. WALKER

By his retirement from teaching at the end of last term, Mr. E. S. Walker brought to a close a period of thirty-five years at Alcester Grammar School, interrupted only by service with the R.G.A. in the 1914-1918 war. Joining the staff of Mr. E. Wells as a geography specialist in 1915, he was engaged mainly in the teaching of geography and mathematics, but there is hardly a subject in the curriculum with which he did not assist in times of emergency. A keen teacher, he never spared himself in his work, and even the least scholarly of his pupils could always be sure of his patient help in the classroom.

From the time of his appointment, Mr. Walker associated himself with all the out-of-the-classroom activities of the school. His keen interest in the welfare of boys led him to organise in the school a highly-efficient Scout troop, and all former members of this troop greatly appreciate the training they received. For many years a much-anticipated event was the Scout outing of the summer term following upon Sports Day. On these outings, accompanied by their Scoutmaster, the Scouts, travelling sometimes by train but more often by coach, visited places of interest as varied as London, Cheddar Gorge, Windsor, Dovedale, Symonds Yat and Church Stretton. Mr. Walker also organised some excellent Scout concerts, in which many boys obtained their first experience of appearing on the stage. His service to the local Scout movement was recognised when he was appointed District Commissioner, a position which he held for some eight years.

At the closing assembly at school in April, Mr. Walker was the recipient of a wrist watch and a cheque, as a small token of the appreciation of Staff and present scholars of the work he had done for the school. All join in wishing him a long and happy retirement, with the enjoyment of the best of health. It is particularly gratifying to learn that Mr. Walker is intending to remain for the present in Alcester, and so the many friends he has made will be able to maintain their personal contact with him.

HONG KONG

The colony consists not only of the island but also of a portion of the mainland, the city of Kowloon, and also some barren hilly country inland, known as the New Territories.

The island, rising nearly two thousand feet out of the blue water to Victoria Peak, forms a natural breakwater to one of the most beautiful harbours of the world. Ferries connect the cities of Kowloon on the mainland and Victoria on the island, which are about a mile apart.

Kowloon itself is situated on fairly flat ground, but the hills of the New Territories behind it give views reminiscent of the English Lake District.

The harbour is usually packed with all types of vessels varying in size from aircraft carriers in the Naval Docks to small junks, which ply to and fro across the harbour.

Both the island and the mainland are very hilly, almost mountainous. The grandeur of these mountainous hills provides the beauty of the harbour and makes it resemble a large inland lake.

The climate is, as might be expected, a cool dry winter followed by a warm wet summer. During summer, rain falls for some time every day, causing an unpleasant, hot, humid atmosphere. However, near the end of September the daily rainfall ceases, the temperature falls only a little, and day after day seems like a perfect English summer's day. This continues until the end of November, when the temperature drops a little more, but the rainfall is still very slight. During the months of January and February, however, the weather can be very cold, with icy winds and occasional snowfalls. The winter comes to an end about April.

At a certain period of the year the colony is subject to typhoons, but an efficient meteorological station gives warning of their approach and enables the inhabitants to prepare for them.

Many races and classes of people throng the crowded streets of Victoria and Kowloon; there are the coolies, both men and women, who perform all the menial jobs, such as carrying loads balanced at either end of a pole across their shoulders. Their dress is typically Chinese, but many of the men wear very ancient trilby hats. Also, there are what might be called the middle-class; the men wear European clothes chiefly, but the women wear long dresses with high close-fitting collars. Another peculiarity is a slit cut on either side of the skirt extending from the hem about six inches upwards. Besides Chinese, many Portuguese and Indians can be seen about the colony. Set apart from

the land dwellers are a race who live on the water in junks. The members are born on a junk, live their life on it, and eventually die on it. No-one is sure how the race originated, but at the present time it numbers many thousands in the waters around Hong Kong.

The Chinese are a very superstitious people and believe strongly in evil spirits, which they scare away by making much noise with fire-crackers. If a person dies, many fire-crackers are set off round the house to keep the evil ones from entering into the dead body. Also, at all the festivals of the year, such as that of the Moon or New Year, there is one continuous roar of fire-crackers, which may last for days.

The shops out here are a delight to the eyes of someone used to the austerity of England. They are packed with British and American goods, watches, cameras, clothes, nylons and food. There is no rationing, but necessities such as food are dear in comparison with luxuries such as cameras. When shopping, the ancient custom of haggling still exists in most of the shops. A prospective buyer enters and shows interest in an article; the shopkeeper names his price, but the buyer is shocked greatly and suggests a much lower price. The salesman, as a special favour to his customer, lowers his price a little, and the buyer raises his bid. The argument increases and continues until either agreement or deadlock is reached. If deadlock, the prospective buyer shrugs his shoulders and walks out. Very often the shopkeeper follows him out and comes down to the bid, and the article is sold.

The transport facilities in Kowloon and Victoria are excellent. It is possible to travel by bus, tram, taxi or rickshaw. At first the novel idea of riding in a rickshaw is very attractive, but it is quicker to travel by bus, and even a taxi is quite cheap.

There is a good choice of sports and pastimes in the colony; both on the island and along the coast of the mainland there are good swimming beaches, cricket, football, tennis, baseball, softball and bowls are played, and there are race meetings on the island, where a number of Australian ponies are stabled.

In the evening it is possible to see some of the latest films at one of the many cinemas.

For members of the Forces, Servicemen's clubs provide food and drink at cheap prices, and also quiet reading-rooms.

The main drawback in Hong Kong is the lack of accommodation due to the influx of refugees from Communist China. The Communist threat fades and returns periodically, but very few people worry about it unduly.

THE OLD CLOTHES BRUSH

An old scholar, visiting the school, who had been in the sixth form in the good old days before the war, would find our sixth form room completely strange to him—a different room, strange furniture, probably fresh text books, and certainly much younger occupants. Every lesson, with the exception of Latin, would be taken by an unknown member of the staff. His only link with past times (except perhaps someone he last remembered in Form I.) would be the clothes brush, and last year even this would not have been seen!

To the uninitiated I must explain that this clothes brush is a treasured possession of the sixth form, not because, after marking out the field for sports day, and other such forms of manual labour, our clothes need a brush (though of course they do), but on account of its intrinsic value. For its back bears the names of A.G.S. head boys, each of whom carved his name on it before he left. There are seventeen names in all, and as the last is dated 1942, the tradition goes back a long way in the history of the school.

Why, you may ask, should I write about this brush now particularly? The answer is that it was not until last Autumn that any of our present members knew of its existence. Indeed, we had to stoop to using a shoe brush for our clothes—quite safely, for the last tin of shoe polish dried up before I entered the sixth form!

It must have been lost about 1942, and after that it was not seen again until Miss Weatherup found it, just seven years later. The names inscribed, in very varied styles and sizes of lettering, on this prodigal clothes brush, which is none the worse for its wanderings, are as follows: J. Jones, E. Bowen, H. A. Hall, N. P. Burns, H. T. Lester, S. Gothard, A. Partridge, E. L. L. Earp, A. L. Brewer, W. A. Partridge, D. Gwynne-Jones, Baylis, Sherwood, Bayne, Parsons, M. W. Butt, R. H. Arnold; and on the side, A. D. Collins 1942.

Of these head boys, I can only recall the last few in name, and only one in appearance. That one is Butt, and I remember him, a rather stout boy (or man, as he then seemed), dismissing the boys' lines, in the same way as the masters do now, only as there were no "new buildings" the last command was merely "right turn."

The rest are only names to me, but I am sure that many readers will remember them personally, and I think it is a great pity that this link with the past should have been broken for seven years. I also hope that the future sixth formers will make it their business to see that it is maintained in the years to come.

A PICKLED DILEMMA

As I walked into that airy, many-windowed room, early one Tuesday morning, I had no premonition whatsoever of what was going to take place in a few minutes' time. I was met as usual by a serene, white-coated figure, given my instructions, and, much to my surprise, told to drag on to the bench a certain large glass tank and an equally-large wax slab. I was given some evil-looking instruments, scalpels, forceps, needles, scissors, etc., told briefly to "get on with the job," and left to my own devices.

Imagine my extreme horror; there I was, utterly alone, with a huge glass tank in front of me, full of—yes, literally abounding in bodies!!!

There they were, these dead beings, some of them floating in the spirit which preserved them, others seemingly gasping for breath, crammed in the bottom of the jar. All of them without exception were gazing out of the glass walls of the tank with huge unseeing eyes . . . eyes that seemed reproachful, sad, charged with suffering, and yet seeming to look right through me and upbraid me.

For a moment I was terrified, thinking of all the horrific tales I had heard about Belsen, and wondering if I should myself ever be charged as a Major War Criminal as a result of this episode. Abruptly I pulled myself together. There was no war, I told myself, and neither was I being cruel. Nevertheless, it was with a feeling of fear and trepidation that I removed the lid of the tank. After much difficulty I succeeded in extracting two of the lifeless corpses from their cramped position in the jar, and I laid them prone before me on the slab.

Out of their prison and nearer to me, these creatures seemed even more hideous and abhorrent than they had been, enclosed in the glass cylinder. Now I could observe how their fingers were grotesquely curled, as though they were wildly clutching at the last vestiges of hope and life, how their limbs were twisted and spreadeagled, as though death had come to them in their last tortured, spasmodic convulsions . . .

A faint feeling of nausea crept over me, and yet somehow I managed to select one corpulent specimen, and thankfully I closed the jar and commenced my task.

First of all I secured my victim by driving strong pins through the hands and feet. Then, as I had been instructed, with my forceps and scissors poised, I . . .

No, dear reader, I did not commit the crime of my life! After having recovered from my momentary squeamishness, I commenced with my first "solo" dissection in the Biology Lab. at A.G.S., on a pickled specimen of "Rana Temporaria."

(For the information of non-Biology students, Rana Temporaria is the technical term for the common FROG!!)

NOTES AND NEWS

The Summer term opened on Tuesday, April 25th, and closes on Tuesday, August 1st.

The Head Boy this term is Kempster.

Sides Captains are :--*Brownies* : Bamford, R. Varney, J. Davies; *Jackals* : McCarthy, A. Perkins, F. Highman; *Tomtits* : Hadwen, A. Wilson, C. Hartwell.

Warburton and McCarthy have been appointed prefects.

On March 3rd, by arrangement with the film officer of the Central Office of Information, Birmingham, the film "Teaching Young Children" was shown to the girls of the Upper and Lower Fifth.

Dorothy Rose has been accepted for entrance to Westfield College, London, next term.

On March 10th Mr. B. K. Randall, B.Sc., N.D.H., of the Experimental Horticultural Station at Luddington, spoke to girls of the Upper V and Lower V on horticulture as a career for girls.

The Cross Country races were run on Wednesday, March 15th. The senior event was won by Gray, and the junior event by Burden ii. The Tomtits were the winning side in the senior race, the Brownies in the junior.

It is interesting to note that Gray is the third member of his family to win the senior Cross Country race. His eldest brother, W. T. Gray, won it in 1936 and 1937, while his second brother, E. G. Gray, was successful in 1944, 1945 and 1946.

On March 17th Miss M. Martindale, Secretary of the Stratford-on-Avon Canine Society, talked to the girls of Upper and Lower V about kennel-work.

On Wednesday, March 22nd, a short talk was given to members of the Third Forms on Road Safety.

The Mile race was run on Wednesday, March 29th, and was won by McCarthy.

Senior girls were given a cooking display by the Midland Electricity demonstrators on March 22nd.

Hockey colours were awarded to B. Druller and S. Spencer; netball colours to J. Davies.

We wish to thank Kathleen Wilson for her gift to the School library of "Christianity and History" (Butterfield).

Miss M. Griffith, who was appointed visiting music teacher in September, 1942, left at the end of last term.

This term we welcome to the Staff Dr. E. Aitken-Davies (to teach French and Mathematics) and Mr. B. M. Lane (to teach Music).

Buckley has been appointed captain of cricket, Janet Davies of tennis, and Barabara Druller of rounders.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, members of Lower VA and B and girls of Upper IVA, with Mrs. Petherbridge and Mr. Thornton, visited Stratford-on-Avon for the matinee performance of "Julius Cæsar."

The same play was attended on Wednesday, May 17th, by Upper IVB, Lower IVA, and the boys of Upper IVA, with Miss Young and Mr. Hadwen.

On Friday, May 19th, the whole afternoon, starting at a quarter past one, was devoted to the running of heats preparatory for Sports Day.

A new set of Sports hurdles has been secured by the School to take the place of those which have done service for so many years. These new acquisitions have not proved as strong as we could have wished, and already several of them have become casualties.

This term there have been medical inspections for both boys and girls, the boys' examination starting on May 22nd, and the girls' on June 5th.

The oral examinations for Higher School and School Certificate German took place on Wednesday, May 24th; those for French were held on the following day.

Sports Day was arranged for Thursday, May 25th, and Mrs. A. B. Quinney, J.P., had kindly consented to present the shields, cups and medals. But, as related elsewhere, the weather interfered with our arrangements, and the afternoon's events had to be postponed. It is now proposed to run off the events on Tuesday, July 18th.

The half-term holiday was taken in Whit week, May 29th to June 2nd.

On Wednesday, June 7th, a party of the Sixth and Upper Fifts. with Miss Hewitt and Mr. Druller, attended a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Oxford Higher School Certificate examination started on Monday, June 19th; the School Certificate examination on Monday, June 26th; the school term examinations on Monday, July 10th.

Towards the end of last term, new wire-netting was erected around the tennis courts below the laboratories and in the corner of the boys' field. This has proved a great boon, as the previous netting had reached the stage when there were more gaps than wire.

On Friday, June 9th, the school received a visit from the Ministry of Health's travelling Nursing Van.

At the end of the present term we say good-bye to Mrs. Powell (who has been with us for two and a half terms); and to Dr. E. Aitken-Davies, who came at the beginning of the present term.

We thank several of our readers for calling our attention to an error in the article, "A Matter of Life and Death," which appeared in the March magazine. The quotation was from "The Yeoman of the Guard" and not, as stated, from "The Pirates of Penzance."

As a result of the extension of the girls' playground, it has been possible to make two hard tennis courts end-on to the school buildings.

MECHANIZATION ON THE FARM

With the ending of the mediæval feudal system and the birth of farms as we now know them came the need for doing things on a larger scale. Previously the peasant had tilled his own small plots of land mainly by hand; but as the Industrial Revolution had drained the countryside of much of its population, and as the farmer could not afford to employ large numbers of men, mechanisation became necessary.

At first the implements were fairly simple, were usually made of wood, and were mainly for use with horses. The plough, which was made of iron, and had wheels, replaced the former wooden plough, which was dragged along the ground and which broke up only the ground surface without turning it over. Wooden seed drills replaced the hand-sowing of seeds. Some types of drills only scattered seeds on the surface of the land, and the seeds had to be harrowed in afterwards, the harrow replacing the hand-rake formerly used. (To-day grass and clover seeds are still sown by this method.) Other drills, the first of which was invented by Jethro Tull, sowed the seed in rows in a similar

manner to modern seed drills, the advantage being that the thickness of the plants and their distance apart in the rows could be controlled; this method replaced hand-sowing in rows. The horse-roller was another invention; it was used to roll the grass seeds after they had been harrowed in, and also to roll corn crops, so that the moisture should be conserved.

In time the traction engine, which was intended to replace the horse, was invented. Traction engines were used to drive threshing machines, which had replaced the hand flail, and also for large-scale ploughing and corn sowing. They were useful on large farms with large fields, but were no use to the small farmer. When coal became short and there was no labour to cart it, the use of traction engines became impracticable, with the result that the horse held its own. The steam traction engine, though not really successful itself, for the reason stated above, gave rise to another important invention.

After the internal combustion engine had been invented, the more successful successor of the traction engine—the farm tractor—was invented, and with the farm tractor came hosts more new implements. The tractor did not really replace the traction engine; it replaced the horse, and also inherited many of the latter's implements, such as the seed-drill, grass-mower and binder.

The tractor has been greatly modified since its early days. There are two main types, one of which is mainly used with trailer implements, the other with mounted implements. The tractors used with trailer implements can again be sub-divided into two groups, heavy-wheeled tractors and heavy diesel caterpillar crawlers. It used to be thought that weight in a tractor meant grip and pulling power; it was not realised how much energy was wasted in pulling the tractor alone, especially on banks, and that in the end the heavy tractor had less pulling power than a light one. The caterpillar tractor is heavy, but its engine is powerful, and the tracks give a large surface area to the ground, so that "packing" is avoided and the greatest possible pulling power is attained. It is not generally realised that the pressure per square inch exerted by the "tracks" on the ground is less than that exerted by a man walking.

By using mounted implements, smaller tractors, which are economical, can be used to do the work formerly done by large tractors.

Many modern implements have tended to become rather complicated because they combine more than one operation. The combine-harvester, by which corn is cut and threshed in one operation, is one example. Sugar-beet harvesters, potato harvesters, and combine drills are others. Sugar-beet harvesters lift, top and clean the beet, which is then emptied into a cart behind. The potato-harvester combines lifting, riddling to get rid of the dirt and to sort potatoes, and bagging. A combine drill sows seed and fertiliser; harrows are also often trailed behind it.

Electricity has also come to much of the countryside, and electric motors are used to drive many machines in the farm buildings. Among

these are the milking machine, which does away with hand milking; the water pump, which supplies water for the buildings and farm; small mills, used for grinding oats and beans for cattle; and mangold pulpers, which supply mangolds which can be eaten much more easily by the cows.

The people who started the farm machinery "craze," therefore, began a big thing, and I often wonder whether it is not all too complicated; but with the shortage of labour and the need for higher productivity it all seems necessary.

E. FINNEMORE (Upper VB).

THE STORY OF LOWER V.a.

On the SHORE, not far from PARIS, stands a HALL, now so derelict that the owner never bothers to LOCKE the doors. Now this hall was once the scene of a great FEAST, to which all the people who had HOLMES in the town were invited. After the food had been eaten up the village SMITH arrived, and he seeing only a RAWBONE and a ROSE left on the table, said: "WATTON this holiday you have left me no food?" He then started to gnaw at the bone like a SAVAGE. So intent was he that he did not notice a BULL behind him. A YOUNG lady started to tell him, but the job did not SUTOR, and so a PALMER DREW himself up to his full height and shouted: "I DAYER-SMITH to fight the bull, but the smith, with one SHARPE look-round, fled, and all the others followed, leaving the bull to enjoy itself TIPPING up tables and chairs till the hall was utterly ruined.

J. SAVAGE.

A SUMMER DAY

If people speak of summer days, we have to pause to think what they mean. The extreme cold of the last few days has made us wonder if those hot summer days ever existed. Was it right that we once sat sweltering in the heat, too hot to move; just sitting, half-asleep and half-awake, just looking and listening?

What can you hear and see? You see the cloudless blue sky and the shimmering blue sea, with the white foam looking like bubbly soap. The golden sand is alive with energetic little children industriously building sand castles. A seagull screams a wild tune as he swoops down over your head; it seems oddly out of place with the other sounds. You hear, too, the rustling of the tall green grass, the drone of the bees, and a splash as someone dives into the sea.

To think that now we play tennis to keep warm. Where have they gone, those beautiful summer days?

PATRICIA WELLUM (Lower IVB).

ROYAL ASCOT

Some friends of the family went to the first day of Ascot. I have never been there myself, so I try to imagine what it would be like.

My mind pictures the beautiful green turf, the edging of gleaming white rails, and in the distance approaching me are the royal carriages drawn by the fine horses. The carriages stop; their Majesties alight and walk through the Royal Enclosure, past cheering crowds to the Box, which is reserved for them.

I can see the splash of colour made by the jockeys' silks as the horses parade round the Silver Ring. As I stand in the Royal Enclosure I can see the "tick-tack" men who are signalling from the top of the stand, to the bookmakers, who are doing a very brisk trade below in the ring. The grey toppers of the men, and the gay clothes of the women, provide a colourful scene.

Now I turn to the other side of Ascot, "The Heath." This is where one finds the ordinary race-goer, because it is free for all. Here I find gypsies, tipsters, stalls with bottles of lemonade and cups of tea, and people sitting around on the grass.

The roads are crowded with traffic of all kinds. The Royal Party have departed, and happy people throng homewards after a lovely, but tiring, day. This is my imaginary picture of a day at Ascot.

PATRICIA HARRIS (Upper IV_A).

"SPORTS DAY," 1950

For only the second time, I believe, in the history of the school, Sports Day has, like the Communist "elections," merited inverted-commas. It rained, and (to borrow an Americanism) how!

The 25th of May, our thirty-seventh annual Sports Day, dawned unpromisingly, with a forecast of showers. At eleven o'clock, just as we had put out the last flag, the rain started, truly feline and canine rain. The rain continued, but all the preparations had to go on, in case it stopped. It did, but not until three o'clock; so the sports were OFF. This was officially decided at 1.45, but the visitors still arrived, if not in full strength, at any rate in large enough numbers to cause serious congestion in the corridor. About one hundred and fifty visitors came, including a party who had hired a bus from Stratford for the occasion.

Many people were disappointed that the teas had been cancelled as well as the sports, but not the Sixth Form! Their formroom had been requisitioned for the Governors' tea. How their mouths watered at the sight of heaped plates of cream horns, chocolate éclairs, jam tarts, and all the other cakes the cooks had prepared. When the tea was cancelled, they were dismayed to see all these being tipped into large

basins for removal. They managed, however, to persuade Mrs. Rutter that the sandwiches would be no good next day. She relented at last, and the large plates of egg and salmon sandwiches just vanished!

The indoor section of Sports Day, which was all that was left to entertain the visitors, is discussed elsewhere. Their enjoyment was not enhanced by the vile smell which pervaded the school, and even drowned the smell of damp clothes. This was emitted from the new matting put down in the hall for the occasion, and forcibly reminded one of a rather neglected fowlpen.

I know of few people who really enjoyed the day; even our "cynical chymist" got tired of laughing at the anti-climax towards the end of the afternoon. It seemed so long from our early dinners to the bus journeys home at the usual time, but it did give the more recent Old Scholars time to talk to their friends.

The following day was dry, but the field was not; so the sports were put off still further, to the first fine day after the Whitsun holiday, and the cakes were consumed by the school at dinner. Immediately after this, however, came such a heat-wave that the Sports were finally postponed until July 18th, for Higher School Certificate was only a fortnight off.

Since I am (without precedent) unable to describe the events, I will describe in detail the main preparations. I had previously decided, being no sporty "type," to devote at least a portion of my essay to these preparations, in the execution of which I myself played a major part, as the rest of the Science Sixth were busy preparing for the early H.S.C.

Our minds were first carried forward to Sports Day towards the end of March, when the corridor was invaded by strange white wooden contraptions, which turned out to be new hurdles. En route to the chemistry laboratory, where they were to be stored, the paint was found (to our cost) to be still liquid; that was the first sign that they were not to fill our long-felt want particularly adequately.

Readers will remember the old, rather inefficient hurdles we have had until this year, where one cross-bar coming off often dislodged one or two others with it—rather disconcerting for the other hurdlers. These new ones are individual and portable, but two feet had to be screwed on to each frame, and most of the tongues were rather larger than the slots they were intended to fit. This difficulty was overcome by the use of our invaluable sledge-hammer. We later discovered that they were very fragile, owing to bad design and poor wood—thanks are due to Mr. Moizer for repairs.

After a rather wet Easter, we were quite expecting equally bad weather for the rest of the Spring, but our fears were quelled by some pleasant sunshine at the beginning of May. Some of the events and heats were run, thrown and jumped off, and the field was marked out. It was rather scantily clad, as a result of the recent pipe-laying near the canteen and the muddy hockey season. Consequently the markers

frequently became clogged up with dried earth. However, we got the job done in time for the main heats, which were run off in perfect weather on Friday, 19th May.

Instead of the very ancient starter's gun Mr. Thornton has always wielded before, an army pistol, belong to Mr. Ackland, was used, loaded with blanks, to start the events. Those of you who went to the school play will already have heard its deafening explosion (behind the scenes), which is accompanied by a long spurt of flame.

The following week-end, however, we got the first of our two fateful showers, which meant that all the white lines had to be gone over again with lime before they assumed their usual glittering whiteness. The grass having been cut for the last time, this was done, and we were all set for the day itself when our second, and fatal, shower arrived, and Sports Day was literally a washout.

As the lines finally vanished the day the heat-wave broke up, the preparations will have to start once more from scratch, when we try again on July 18th. As this is at the end of a "Buchan's Warm Spell," the weather may go to the opposite (and equally uncomfortable) extreme, but we all hope that we shall, as is customary, strike a happy medium.

Thanks to our unfortunate climate, Sports Day results (if ever obtained) will no doubt be published—very unseasonably—in the December issue of this magazine.

C. J. E. K.

SPORTS DAY INDOORS

Evicted from their "home" on the eve of Sports Day, the girls of the Sixth Form wandered hopefully to where they hoped their assistance would be required. For the past week their lessons had been interrupted by preparations for the Arts and Crafts exhibitions. If they had not been busy frantically endeavouring to finish some article for the exhibition before the arrival of the judge, they had been employed in compiling what seemed to be endless Sides' Lists—one of their number was even observed doing so using the bell table as a support. Now they were required to assist in the arrangement of a variety of flowers—quite an agreeable change from the tedious routine of lessons.

Sports Day dawned at last, and with it hopes for fine weather, but all hopes were in vain this year, and the spirits of all were damped by the torrential rain. Many visitors, however, "braved the elements" and crowded into the school, with raindrops trickling from their mackintoshes.

Surely nobody was disappointed by the exhibits displayed in the hall this year, and the quality and quantity of these provided the evidence that Alcester Grammar School still contains many excellent needlewomen. The visitors crowding into the hall beheld many cuddly, soft toys, adorable baby dolls, exquisite embroidery, finely-sewn garments, and many other useful and decorative articles. This year much fine leatherwork was on display; also candle-wick work, and excellent models

of various kinds by the boys. Aprons, skirts and other similar garments were this year draped on screens down the centre of the hall, but although this arrangement looked well, it rather increased the congestion prevalent in the room. The soft toys were tastefully arranged so that one could almost visualise a woodland scene, and added a touch of originality to the customary vista of these exhibits.

One other thing, however, besides their damp garments, detracted from the visitors' enjoyment of the exhibition in the hall, namely, the smell produced by the new floor covering, which pervaded the atmosphere, and which, although fresh, could hardly be described as agreeable.

For the Art Room the products of the young artists' enthusiasm were many, but although the quantity was there the quality of former years was lacking; the juniors indeed produced many fine paintings, but the gap caused by the absence of any artistic efforts by the seniors could not be filled. This year displays of puppets and basketwork provided unfamiliar features in the Art Room, as did also a panorama depicting scenes of everyday life around the walls, and added to the customary display of posters, self-portraits and other illustrations. One notable exhibit in this section was a model representing a scene from "The Busman's Honeymoon," which was produced, as readers may remember, by the School Dramatic Society. The Art Room as a whole was very tastefully arranged, numerous paintings being suspended in the centre of the room as well as on the walls, and was decorated by vases of flowers.

The Arts and Crafts exhibition reflects great credit upon Miss Webley and those members of staff who have worked so hard throughout the past year to enable us to produce such fine exhibits. We are indeed most grateful to them for their untiring efforts in the organisation of Sports Day Indoors, and we share their disappointment at the inclement weather.

M. B.

"BABY-MINDING"

Mother and Father say, some nights, "Oh, Terry, look after Jacky for the evening. We're going to the pictures." After tea they get the car out and go. I now amuse Jacky for a while by playing the piano for her to dance. When I have had enough I send her into my Granny, who reads stories to her. When she is safely being read to, I creep upstairs and into my room, mix my solutions, and do some photography. When half-past eight arrives, I clear my equipment up, run downstairs, get Jacky, read her her usual bedtime story, and then tell her to keep quiet and go to sleep quickly. When Mother and Father arrive at nine o'clock, I am innocently sitting in the armchair, reading a library book, and with everything in place. *This* kind of baby-minding I *don't* mind!

T. DAVIES (Lower VA).

THE HAPPIEST YEARS?

It seems a common failing amongst those leaving after a long period at school to write a reminiscent article for their last contribution, as a pupil, to the school magazine. Perhaps, unfortunately, I am no exception to this rule.

My first, and perhaps most vivid, memory of my early days at A.G.S. is that of entering the school for the first time all decked out proudly in my new uniform—including those hideous black stockings, please note!—and experiencing a ghastly feeling of panic and horror at the sight of a marble-floored corridor, miles long as it then seemed, stretched out in front of me. The moment soon passed, and I joined the milling throng crowding into the cloakroom. But I shall never forget that moment.

The first real horrible blunder I committed in my “happiest years” came soon afterwards. One day when some of the older pupils were standing back for a member of the staff to go through a door first, I thought I could slip through unnoticed, as I was only very small—aged seven at the time. Unfortunately I chose the wrong moment, for as I stepped through I promptly bumped into the legs of the gentleman coming the other way. “And what do you think *you’re* doing?” roared a voice from high above me. I nearly jumped out of my skin—but the master passed on before I had time to quaver my excuses.

The first few years were quite frightening. I hated school with its regimentation—bells for this, bells for that, do this, do that but not the other—it bewildered me completely, and I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my heels. As I grew older so I became more accustomed to the life, and began almost to like it. I made friends, got into many scrapes, was “on the mat” many times, and was just as much of a pest to prefects as the younger ones are to-day.

As for lessons, I think on the whole I enjoyed them—I cannot remember very clearly—but one thing I hated was Geometry. I never understood the whys and wherefores of that subject. I loved reading—and still do—devouring anything from the newspaper wrapped round the groceries to sentimental Victorian novels my great-aunts adored.

I cannot help admitting that I have enjoyed my last three years at school far more than all the others—in spite of having to work harder—because I have been treated more as an adult with a personality of her own. I have enjoyed being a Sixth-Former, and shall miss the easy companionship I have known in the Sixth. But changes must come, and in spite of a slight quaking in the pit of my stomach, I am looking forward to the next phase in my life, far from this particular madding crowd. I cannot tell yet if my school days have been the “happiest years” as I’m always being told they are—I’ll write to the “Record” and tell you when I’m sixty!

READING FATHER'S BOOKS

I like reading my father's books better than my own. The first one I read was called "At His Country's Call." It was about the first world war, and there was lots of fighting in it. I then read two others about the war.

Then I found a large volume called "Bulldog Drummond, His Four Rounds with Carl Petersen, described by Sapper." It was a combined volume of "Bulldog Drummond," "The Black Gang," "The Third Round," and "The Final Count." All the novels were amusing, as well as exciting.

After reading Bulldog Drummond's adventures, I borrowed another combined volume. It was called "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and also contained "I Will Repay," "Eldorado" and "Sir Percy Hits Back." They were all interesting and amusing. While I was putting "The Scarlet Pimpernel" back in the bookcase, I noticed John Buchan's "Four Adventures of Richard Hannay." I read this combined volume next. It contained "Thirty-Nine Steps," "Greenmantle," "Mr. Standfast," and "The Three Hostages." I thought "Greenmantle" was the best. It was more exciting than the others.

As father often remarks to visitors, I read all these books about twice a year. Has anyone any others to lend me?

SHEILA HALL (Upper IVA).

UNTIDINESS

Most people are untidy in some way, but Monica Roberts is the untidiest person I know.

Wherever Monica is, it is untidy. She herself looks little better than a scarecrow, and, so her mother says, will be the death of her parents. Every morning she gets up as late as possible and throws on her clothes, careless of her appearance. Her stocking-seams resemble a spiral climbing up her legs. Her dress is wrongly buttoned, with the result that the material puckers up near the button-holes, and her belt is twisted. She plaits her hair carelessly, with no thought for a straight parting, and her plaits are often twisted. At breakfast she invariably spills something on to her dress, and in trying to remove it (some credit must be given to her for the attempt) only makes the stain larger. Mrs. Roberts tries to tidy her up before she goes to school, but Monica will not allow her to do so, insisting that if she herself does not mind looking as she does, her mother ought not to.

Monica's bedroom is a disgrace. Her bed is the one neat thing (because her mother makes it). Her chest of drawers has both its contents and the things on top jumbled up. Inside it her socks are mixed up with her vests and her handkerchiefs with her jumpers, while

her stockings have wrapped themselves lovingly round her pyjamas. On the top, her hairbrush is muddled up with her knitting wool and her comb is inside a sandal, which is a step higher in the world than its pair that lies, sole upwards, on the floor. Odd hair ribbons, knotted together, straggle over her mirror. Inside her wardrobe are her dresses, half-on and half-off their coat-hangers. Her mother dreads going into her room because she is ashamed of the state Monica keeps it in. Once, indeed, Mrs. Roberts laboriously tidied everything, only to be rewarded when next she went into the room by seeing the same mess again.

At school, as at home, Monica is untidy. Her desk-lid is scratched and scribbled on, and the disorder in her desk is unbelievable. Exercise books, ink bottles, paint brushes, pencils and text books contribute to this. The books are ink-stained and torn, and have got Monica into a great deal of trouble by being in this state. The pencils are short stubs which mark everything they touch, so accounting for the unusual lines in Monica's books. The paint brushes are old, with teeth-marks on their handles.

Yet for all her own untidiness, Monica envies other people who keep themselves and their possessions neat and tidy.

BARBARA DRULLER (Upper Va).

MY WALK

When I went out a-walking
On Sunday afternoon,
I wandered through the woodland glen,
And saw the flowers in bloom.

The sun was shining brightly,
The sky was azure blue;
And all around were green fields
With grass so fresh, and new.

I knelt beside the little stream
That runs right through the wood;
I touched the water with my hand,
It felt so cool and good.

The birds were singing sweetly
In the trees above;
And far off in the distance
I heard the cooing of a dove.

And as I went upon my way,
Wandering aimlessly,
A little rabbit scampered by,
And came quite close to me.

The sun was sinking in the sky,
Bringing the twilight gloom.
This I will always call to mind
Of that wonderful afternoon.

PAMELA DRAYCOTT (IIIa).

OLLA PODRIDA

Je ne sens rien means, says J.B.D., "I have no sense."

He began to hear voices and the smell of strong tobacco, writes E.J.W.

The Romans rushed headlessly into the midst, states J.K.

A quadrant, according to J.G., is a circle with four sides.

The Cotswolds become deluded by the numerous streams, declares T.P.F.

She could walk over the hurdles, says S.A.P., if she would only run.

N.B. writes that after waiting a short time a hair came and sat in front of him.

Let x , writes M.C., be the number of hits, and $x-24$ be the number of hits missed.

G.S. explains that this was one of the adventures in which Gerard was evolved.

A tortoise, states J.K., has a curved roof.

On the road the boy came to a pike-keeper's house, writes K.N.

Delecta militum manu, according to B.B., means "a soldier with a happy hand."

You must wear school berries on the bus, writes P.O.

When a prefect has tolled us somethink, writes J.A.M., it has to be done.

An Upper Fifth Scripture student states that the sick man was let down through the roof in a coach.

Sir Joseph Swan, writes a scientist, invented a new electric light globe with a straight carbon filament contained in a tired globe.

M.W. refers to the month's sweat ration.

A diameter, according to M.T., is the distance all round a straight line.

JANE COMES HOME

"Hallo! Yes. Who is that?" The phone had rung and, as I was nearest, I had picked up the receiver. It was Jane.

I had first become friendly with Jane in the Third Form. I had happened to choose the desk behind her, and, as almost all the girls had been strangers, I had soon begun to talk to her and to like her. As she used to travel to and from school on the same bus as I, our friendship grew even stronger, and for two and a half years she was my best friend, both in and out of school.

Then, suddenly, she had told me that her father, who was in the Air Force, had taken a job in Egypt, and that he was going to take his family with him. This was a great blow, and I missed her terribly at first, especially when travelling to and from school without her to talk to and laugh with.

I had soon made other friends at school, and on the bus, but I had always remembered Jane and had longed for her return. We had kept in touch by writing letters, or perhaps I should say by her writing letters, and by my meaning to answer them, for somehow I always seemed to be behind with my answers. She had evidently not minded, however, as here she was, after two and a half more years, ringing me up to say she was in England again.

I was overjoyed, and we agreed that she should come to tea with me on the next Saturday. I wondered very much if she had changed, or if either she would not now like me, or I should not like her, but when she came she looked just the same, except a bit more grown up, and was just as pleasant as she had always been. She brought with her a present for me. It was a large Egyptian handbag, with Egyptian figures on the outside, and many pockets inside. There was a purse in matching leather, and a mirror in the flap. Again, I was overjoyed.

I think, now, I am glad Jane went away. It has obviously done her good, making her more interesting and self-assured. She has greatly enjoyed life in Egypt, living on a houseboat in the hot sun. Her long absence has not changed our relations with one another, for we are still firm friends. It has done me good, too, for I have made new friends, as I might not otherwise have done, and I have heard of her experiences. And, lastly, a thing I am not likely to forget, I have got my beautiful bag!

JILL KEMPSTER (Upper VA).

A PEACEFUL AFTERNOON

One sunny afternoon I decided to sit in the garden and read a book, as my mother and father and my three sisters had all gone out.

Having enjoyed about half-an-hour peacefully sitting in a deck-chair reading, I suddenly remembered I had left the kettle to boil on

the stove. I got up with a sigh and went into the kitchen to find the kettle boiling merrily. Then I remembered that the water was for the washing-up. So I set to work, and after breaking one cup and one pudding basin, I finished and returned to my comfortable seat in the garden.

Some minutes later I felt something pecking at my shoe, and looking down saw one of our hens which had escaped from its run and come to pay me a visit. I was not at all pleased to see her, and was even more displeased when I saw two of her sisters coming along the garden path to find her.

I marched them back down the garden, and after chasing them round their shed for a quarter of an hour I managed to put them back in their run.

As I walked towards the house I heard a knock on the front door, and on opening it I found my Auntie and Uncle, who had come on a visit from London. We went into the house, and I tried to be a good hostess until the rest of the family came home.

This is how I usually spend my "peaceful afternoons in the garden." Nothing but interruptions!

KATHLEEN HIGHMAN (Upper IVA).

STICKY WICKET

To-day was the day for our form games,
But as usual it always rains.
Whenever we arrange some cricket,
It seems we bat on a sticky wicket.

When my turn came I walked to the crease,
The ball looked like a lump of grease;
Then I slipped down, my flannels were green,
My intentions were to keep them clean.

My team mates sat on the shelter to shout,
I must watch the ball or I might be out;
I was told the wicket was taking spin,
But I played with care and hoped for a win.

Oseland bowled (it hit a bump).
I missed the ball and hit my stump,
I walked back out, I'd "scored" a duck;
Still, I suppose, it was just my luck.

I really couldn't think what to blame,
So came to the conclusion it must be the rain.
I gave "advice" to the other three men;
After a thrilling finish we won by ten.

T. O. BAILEY (IIIb).

" MY VISIT TO COVENT GARDEN "

At last I was entering " The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden," to hear a performance of Bizet's " Carmen."

Sitting in my seat in the dress-circle, I was rather overawed by the size of the great theatre, which was rapidly filling. Below me in the stalls there was a mass of colour, men in black and white evening dress escorting women in their many, and gay-coloured, dresses.

Last-minute arrivals hastened to their seats. The orchestra was tuning up, and over all could be heard the excited buzz of conversation. The safety-curtain was raised and the conductor ascended the rostrum. The auditorium lights were dimmed, the conductor tapped with his baton, and the audience settled themselves in their places.

A hush of expectancy spread over the vast crowd.

With Victoria Sladen as Carmen, it proved a most enjoyable evening, and I considered myself very lucky to have had the opportunity of going to such a theatre, known all over the world as a home of ballet and opera.

ELIZABETH WALTON (Lower VB).

THE ROYAL VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

April the Twentieth was an important day for Stratford-on-Avon, as it was the long-looked-forward-to day on which the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, proposed to visit Stratford.

I found this visit particularly interesting as, being a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, I was placed on duty at different periods of the day. It was a big day for us as well as for Stratford generally. Two hundred St. John people came from surrounding towns in Warwickshire, as there were not nearly enough in the Stratford division to cover all the streets. There were different groups of St. John who patrolled the streets; in reality, eight groups on foot, two stations, and six mobile units. Our job was to take short cuts to a different street to arrive there before the party, after they left the street we had been patrolling. As the Royal party left the station, they were greeted by a guard of honour made up of St. John Cadets, which was led by our Superintendent.

My party and I were some of the first to see their Majesties, being on duty at the station approach. The Queen looked very cool and dignified in her hat and coat of slate-blue. The King wore his overcoat, without the looked-for bowler. Princess Margaret was dressed in black and grey, with a black winged hat. I heard one small child ask her mother: " Has she got nylons on, mother?"

When the party were at the performance of "Henry VIII," which my mother and father were fortunate in attending, my company and I patrolled the lanes in search of casualties.

After a break we patrolled the station approach, where we saw the departure of the party. We finished the day at the firework display, still on duty.

Arriving home later, we felt very tired and dishevelled, for it had been a long day, as we had made an early start, reporting on duty at half-past eight in the morning. But it had been most enjoyable.

ROSEMARY PARKER (Lower IVA).

CAPTIVE AND FREE

I heard a thrush sing
 From a tall pear tree,
 He poured out his song
 To the morning and me.
 I heard a canary,
 Small space though he had,
 And the thought of this captive
 Made me feel almost sad.
 Through the bars of his cage
 Bright and clear came his song,
 And happy was he
 As the daytime is long.
 So both gave their music
 A pleasure for me,
 Two beautiful songsters,
 One captive, one free.

D. CARELESS (III A).

LIFE GETS TEDIOUS

Get up, breakfast, on my way.
 Here's the start of another day.
 What's the lesson? French? O lor!
 It really is an awful bore.
 Ah-h, there's the bell and now it's break,
 Now's the time to eat your cake.
 O! there's the bell, return to work,
 You know we really must not shirk.
 What's the lesson? Maths? O dear!
 That's the lesson I do fear.
 There's the bell. Now dinner's here.
 That's the time for us to cheer.
 A game of cricket, back to form:
 Now to hear the master storm.
 What's next lesson? History.
 That's the lesson that suits me.
 When that's done then I'll be free.
 Except for homework—chemistry.
 Don my cap and on my way,
 Here's the end of another day.

W. JONES (Upp. IVB).

THE FIGHTING INSTINCT IN MAN

Although not always outwardly shown, the instinct to fight is in every man. This instinct is best shown at an early age, before the child has become used to the encumbrances of modern civilisation. At this time he reveals instinctively the habits of long-dead ancestors, who had to depend upon their fighting prowess in order to keep alive. The order of the day was survival of the fittest, and the weak dropped by the wayside.

As children get to an age when they run and climb, their first games always involve fighting, whether it is cowboys and Indians or the modern game of Commandos. The child that shines in these games gets his first taste of leadership, while the boys who do not make a show of fighting are usually laughed at and left alone. A boy who can keep up his prestige and honour at school by being a good fighter can usually make his way in the world later on in life.

Most of the British people like fighting, and it is surprising the variety of people one sees at a boxing match. Much as we like this fighting sport, the average Briton will not stand for any foul play or bullying, and the sight of an action like this will often bring out the fighting instinct in an apparently peaceful man. This is probably why we hold such a high opinion of any fighter who wins his matches by clean fighting. This fighting instinct is shown in the nation's character, particularly during the last war, when by usual standards we should have been beaten many times over.

There are few men who will not fight when their lives are at stake, and in an emergency the most peaceful will always lend a hand. It is lucky for mankind that we still retain this fighting instinct.

P. BURDEN (Upper VB).

A SECRET DRAWER

I was playing hide-and-seek with my friends on a wet day, in the house. It was my turn to hide. I decided to go up into the spare room and hide behind some of the things. When I arrived at the room I chose an old dressing-table to hide behind. I was just getting comfortable when I looked up, and there was a big fat spider just descending on a long line of thread. I did not want it on me, so I gave a good push to the other side of the dresser. On doing so, my leg caught on the dresser, and there was a click, and a small drawer shot out of the back.

In the drawer was a note in old English, and with this were about thirty sovereigns, an old quill, and a ship in a bottle. This was a really good find. I took the contents from the drawer and ran down to tell my mother of the find.

She asked me where I got them from, and I told her they were from the old dresser, with a secret drawer in. She said that the dresser had once, long, long ago, belonged to an old man, who used to have his grandson there. "And the letter," she said, "will tell you the rest."

When the letter had been taken to the people at the museum, they said it read as follows: "To the lucky boy who finds my treasure. I hope that you will spend the money I have saved for you in a good way. Keep the ship in the bottle and the quill to remind you of your find, and if at any time you need money, burst open the quill, where you will find three pearls. Sell these, and you will always have money."

The old dresser has been sold now and the secret drawer removed, but I still have two pearls and the ship in the bottle as a reminder of my find. I am never afraid of spiders now, for the good turn they did me.

M. LEDBURY (Lower IVB).

NATIONAL SAVINGS

Total savings in this group for the six-monthly period ending March 31st, 1950, was £34 14s. 6d. This gives a weekly average of £1 11s. 7d.

We shall regretfully be saying good-bye this term to several of our regular savers, and would welcome new members from all Forms. Stamps are still sold at the value of 6d. and 2s. 6d. They are exchanged at 10s. for certificates, on which we are in a position to give interest back-dating for at least twelve months.

I should also like to put on record my personal thanks to Cicely Hartwell, who has been the National Savings Prefect for the past two years. Her services have been given pleasantly and willingly, and her quiet efficiency has been invaluable.

MISS YOUNG (Hon. Sec.)

RADIO SOCIETY

More progress has been made this term. A receiver has been successfully completed by two of the members. Prestidge, the Society's former President, kindly consented to deliver an interesting lecture on the theory and working of an oscilloscope. It is proposed to construct an oscilloscope in the near future.

The Society regret that Perryman, our secretary, has resigned. His duties have been resumed by Gowers.

Membership has dropped steadily during the past years. New members are urgently needed, and enthusiasts from the Middle and Upper school will be cordially welcomed.

P. GOWERS (Hon. Sec.)

MUSIC SOCIETY

At the end of last term we gave a very successful concert, the proceeds going to the Society funds for the purchase of new music and gramophone records. Two performances were given, one for the Seniors and another for the Juniors.

I should like to thank the choir and all the artistes for their fine performances, Mr. Ackland for his ready co-operation and support, and Miss Griffith and Mr. Bell for their untiring efforts.

The concert coincided with Miss Griffith's last day at school, and we took the opportunity of thanking her for all the work she had put into the Society, and of wishing her good-bye.

At the beginning of this term we welcomed Mr. Lane as music master, and in spite of the intervention of sports heats, exams., etc., he has already given us much assistance.

A series of lectures has been arranged, on various composers, given by the older members of the Society. It is to be hoped that these lectures have not been in vain and that the juniors have gained a little knowledge about the composers and their music.

F. H.

STAMP CLUB

Meetings of the club have been held regularly this term. One feature of the meetings has been the series of displays and short talks given by a number of members; some of these displays reflect much credit on those who prepared them. Several competitions have been organised for the final meetings this term.

Exchange of duplicates continues to occupy a portion of each meeting, but a marked shortage of stamps for exchange has been noticeable this term. May we once again appeal to readers who have any accumulation of postage stamps for which they have no use to help the club by sending them to Mr. Druller for distribution. All such gifts will be most welcome.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President: Bamford. *Secretary:* A. Perkins. *Social Secretary:* J. Davies. *Treasurer:* Buckley.

The Society has held its usual meetings this term with Miss Young, and we have also been joined by Mr. Aitken-Davis.

As yet this term we have not done a great deal of playreading for the school, but hope that after the examinations we shall be able to read two short one-act plays. Fortunately we are now able to borrow play books from the County Library, so that our choice of play subjects has been greatly widened.

This term's activities have included sessions of "Talk Yourself Out of This," "Charades," "Twenty Questions," playreadings of "El Dorado" and "The Purple Bedroom," and also a Debate.

The motion contended in the Debate was that "Prefects should be abolished," and this was easily carried.

We must here thank all those members who have willingly entered into our activities, for without their co-operation our Society could not possibly function.

ANN PERKINS (Hon. Sec.)

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

We have had some more interesting meetings this term. One afternoon we toured Alcester in search of photographs, and on another Drew took some informal portraits out-of-doors with his new camera. It has been rather too hot for work in our darkroom.

At the end of last term we had a lecture on "The history of photography," and recently one on "Night photography"; both of these were very interesting and instructive. I have managed to book several more lectures for next season.

Early this term we had a competition of members' photographs, and the number entered was very encouraging. We marked them on a system of points, each member judging individually. In one class the first place went unanimously to Davies, for an amusing study of his father.

As "spacefillers" we have had some discussions, but these tend to become rather frivolous towards the end.

Our enlarger is not as near completion as we might have wished, but it is progressing slowly, and most of the parts are now ready. We have not yet found a suitable lens for it.

By next autumn the society will be considerably smaller, so we are in need of some new members. Anyone interested should see Drew about joining.

As I shall be among those leaving this term, I should like to take this opportunity of wishing good luck to the society and to my successor as secretary, and of thanking Mr. Petherbridge and Mr. Thornton for advice and help in running the society. I have thoroughly enjoyed these Friday afternoons, and I hope the rest of the members have done likewise.

C. J. E. K.

SCOUTS

This term we have made progress in many aspects of scouting. Twice we have practised fire-lighting and cooking, and the attempts of seventeen Scouts in the culinary art have enabled them to pass the second-class cooking test. The bread, porridge and bacon may not have been prepared in the kitchen, but they certainly tasted good—at least, the cooks said so. Many Scouts also have passed the second-class semaphore and First-Aid tests. First-class observation has proved interesting. Some have passed in this. Our sing-songs, perhaps a little raucous, are nevertheless popular.

Twelve boys have become members of the Brotherhood of Scouts through the investiture ceremony that we have held this term. We were not in the slightest deterred when the flag at first refused to break, and the pole (the cross-bar of the goal-posts) refused to be straightened. However, we remembered the fifth Scout Law (and forgot some others) and got on with the job.

Most of the troop are now equipped with uniforms. This adds a much more realistic air to our activities. The periodicals, "The Scout" and "The Scouter," are now available in the library on any library day. "The Scout" especially has proved to be popular among the juniors.

Arrangements have been made for a summer camp near Battle, Sussex. There we shall have many opportunities to work for the First-Class and Proficiency badges in country which has much to offer in the way of scenery and impressive evidence of an historical past. Parents of those who are attending the camp will receive notification and details in due course.

In the Inter-Patrol competition, the Peewits, under Gray, have taken the lead with 27 points; the Beavers are second with 24, and the Panthers third with 23.

A. G. BLUNDELL (Troop Leader).

CRICKET, 1950

Captain: Buckley. *Vice-Captain*: McCarthy. *Secretary*: Hadwen.

At the beginning of the season we had rather a difficult task forming a new team, having little talent in the Upper school. Several practices were held, and coaching was given by members of the staff.

The field we use for cricket has not a suitable pitch, and we are looking forward to the time when we can have a field of our own, with a square on which we can play our matches.

First and second eleven matches were fixed with Evesham P.H.G.S., but had to be cancelled because of rain. Against Hanley Castle G.S. we were more successful than last year, scoring 46 to their 81. This match showed considerable talent in the team, and we followed it by defeating Astwood Bank Juniors by 39 runs.

Against Chipping Campden G.S., at home, we lost by a small margin, but at Stratford the batting failed, and we lost by nine wickets. The batting also let us down at Chipping Campden, but the home side lost two wickets for three runs before consolidating their position, and then losing three more wickets before finally winning by five wickets.

The school has been represented by Buckley, McCarthy, Hadwen, Bamford, Hitchings, Crow, Shelton, Drew, Savage ii, and Clark in all matches; and by Gray, Pritchard, Savage i, Fielding, Wesson and Goodman.

The Second XI., in a match against Bromsgrove 2nd XI. on Saturday, 24th June, were represented by:—Clark (capt.), Goodman, Miller i, Savage i, Barratt, Malin, Lane i, Lane ii, Weaver, Feast and Wesson.

C. E. B.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Hanley Castle G.S. (home). Lost, 46—81.
 „ v. Astwood Bank Juniors (away). Won, 60—21.
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home). Lost 39—43 for nine.
 „ v. Stratford-on-Avon K.E.S. (away). Lost, 27—28 for one.
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away). Lost, 25—26 for five.
 „ v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away). Lost, 38—103 for seven (declared).
 A.G.S. 2nd XI. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 2nd XI. (home). Lost, 42 for 9 (dec.)—64 for 8.

TENNIS, 1950

Captain : Janet Davies. *Vice-Captain* : Frances Highman.

Secretary : Ann Perkins.

In spite of bad weather, there has been great enthusiasm throughout the school, and practices have been held twice a week.

The team, which includes only one of last year's players, is now gaining the confidence which it lacked at the beginning of the season. After gaining a victory over Chipping Campden, we were very unfortunate to lose by only three games in the return match. We were very disappointed that our match against Hugh Clopton, and our return match against Evesham, had to be cancelled owing to rain.

This term we have been lucky enough to have two new hard-courts, in place of the old one, which is a great advantage with the large number of girls in the school.

The challenge system has been continued this term, and girls have been able to play a match of five games during the lunch-hour.

The school has been represented this year by : Janet Davies, Frances Highman, Ann Perkins, Pat Aspinwall, Margaret Cund, Margaret Woodfield. Reserve : Ann Wilson.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st VI. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home). Lost, 4 sets—5 sets.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home). Lost, 2 sets—7 sets.
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home). Won, 5 sets—4 sets.
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away). Lost, 57 games—60 games.
 „ v. Redditch C.H.S. (home). Lost, 1 set—8 sets.

J. D.

ROUNDERS, 1950

Captain: Barbara Druller. *Vice-Captain*: Barbara Bryan.

We have had some good matches this season, and each game has been keenly fought. The first IX. is developing into a strong team, and the second IX. is composed, for the most part, of very enthusiastic juniors. Practices have been held regularly after school on Thursdays, and all those who have stayed to them have improved a great deal. At the beginning of the term we were very short of bowlers, especially, but now we have several showing considerable promise who, with a little hard practice, will be able to deal with any team we meet.

The two teams are :—1st IX. : P. Tipping, J. Hammond, D. Palmer, B. Druller, S. George, S. Spencer, G. Malpass, W. Lovell, B. Bryan.
 2nd IX. : A. Lidgely, E. Craddock, S. Devey, C. Winspear, M. Craddock, B. Clarke, P. O'Nions, M. Bennett, W. Grummett.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st IX. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st IX. (home). Won, 2—1.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st IX. (home). Drawn, 2—2.
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. 1st IX. (home). Lost by an innings and 5-6.
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. 1st IX. (away). Drawn, 5—5.
 „ v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st IX. (home). Won, 3½—2.
 A.G.S. 2nd IX. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd IX. (home). Lost, 2—3½.
 „ v. Redditch C.H.S. 2nd IX. (home). Lost, 0—9.

B. J. D.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following details could not be included in the March magazine:—

HOCKEY (Boys)

- A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away). Lost, 0—18.
 „ v. Hanley Castle G.S. "A" XI. (away). Lost, 3—6.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. "A" XI. (home). Lost, 1—2.
 „ v. A.G.S. Girls' 1st XI. Won, 2—0.

A.G.S. 2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. "B" XI. (home). Lost, 1—6.

SIDES MATCHES: Tomtits 2, Brownies 0; Tomtits 2, Jackals 1; Brownies 3, Jackals 1.

SIDES MATCHES (Junior): Brownies 2, Tomtits 1; Jackals 1, Tomtits 0; Brownies 2, Jackals 2.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st XI.	7	2	5	0	7	36

HOCKEY (Girls)

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away). Lost, 1—11.

„ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home). Lost, 1—3.

„ v. Studley College (home). Lost, 1—6.

„ v. A.G.S. Boys 1st XI. Lost 0—2.

„ v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (home). Drawn, 2—2.

„ v. Ragley Ladies (home). Lost, 1—7.

A.G.S. 2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (away). Lost 1—5.

„ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (home). Lost, 2—4.

„ v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. 2nd XI. (home). Won, 2—0.

In addition to those mentioned in the March magazine, the following have also represented the School:—

1st XI.: M. Cund, P. Tipping.

2nd XI.: E. Richards, E. Lewis, E. Craddock, A. Edwards, S. George, S. Devey.

SIDES MATCHES: Jackals 9, Tomtits 0; Jackals 5, Brownies 1; Brownies 0, Tomtits 0.

SIDES MATCHES (Junior): Jackals 2, Brownies 1; Jackals 8, Tomtits 0; Brownies 1, Tomtits 0.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st XI.	17	5	11	1	40	70
A.G.S. 2nd XI.	12	2	10	—	14	51

NETBALL

A.G.S. 1st VII. v. Studley College (home). Won, 13—8.

„ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home). Won, 13—0.

„ v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away). Lost, 8—14.

A.G.S. 2nd VII. v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. 2nd VII. (away). Won, 12—10.

SIDES MATCHES: Jackals 13, Brownies 6; Jackals 14, Tomtits 10; Tomtits 12, Brownies 7.

In addition to those mentioned in the March magazine, P. Tipping has played for the 1st VII.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st VII.	8	2	5	1	89	98
A.G.S. 2nd VII.	3	1	1	1	33	32

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